

MINERVA,

OR, THE

Art of Weaving :

Containing

The { ANTIQUITY,
UTILITY and } of
{ EXCELLENCY }

WEAVING.

Written in Verse, and divided into three Parts,

By R. C.

*In all thy Actions be upright and just,
So thou sincerely shalt Weave Truth with Trust.*

*Judg not before you read, but read and judg,
And at your Censure I shall never grudge.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for Joseph Moxon, and sold at his Shop on Lud-
gate-hill at the Signe of Atlas ; and by James Moxon
neer Charing-Cross in the Strand, right a-
gainst King Harry the Eighths Inn. 1677.

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To the
R E A D E R.

Courteous R E A D E R,

WOrks of this nature more often undergo the bitter Lash of the Tongue, than better Language. The Proverb warns the Shoemaker not to go beyond his Last : I have observed the Memento, and served my self with a matter agreeing : my subject is Weaving, the worthiest of Trades ; I am a Weaver, the unworthiest of any to blazon the worth thereof, having done it in so worthless a manner. Apelles intending to draw the Picture of Venus, called together the choicest beauties of Greece, that by observing their amiableness, he might the better amplify her perfection.

A 2

To the Reader.

tion; so I have drawn together not only the chiefest Trades that wholly depend on Weaving, but also many eminent persons who frequently frequented the same, that so I might the more augment its reputation. But many words will not fill a Bushel; To beg applause I disdain, to brag of praise I disclaim: if you read, regard; and if you judg, do it judiciously; then I shall with all willingness submit to your Censure; till when continuing doubtful whether I shall gain your jeering Calumny or gentle Censure, I rest

Yours,

R. C.

The

Of
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The First CANTO.

*The Writer briefly doth relate
Mans making, Bliss, fall, wretched state;
What his first Cloathing was, and then
Who Weaving first devis'd, and When;
So far as he can learn relates:
Which done, the Prayſes Celebrates
Of Worthy Women, who thereby
And otherwise deſervedly
Have purchas'd fame; which being done
This Canto to an end doth Run.*

(Creature
WHen God the World did make and every
That therein is, of every Form and Nature;
Man, the perfection, *Crown, Epitome*
Of all he did Create, reserved he
As his laſt and beſt work; that ſo he might
As in a leſſer Frame preſent our ſight
With whatſoever he before had wrought;
And this into ſo ſmal a Form he brought,
That Man in him the whole doth Comprehend,
Which were it not that I much time ſhould ſpend
Beſide my purpoſe, I partly could ſhow

B

Nay

Nay Man in's first estate was more then so ;
 For he not onely *Microcosmos* was,
 But God in him did his own Image place ;
 Which our Divines say was his innocence,
 (Till he by sinning raz'd it out from thence ;)
 And well might be, for God no sin doth know,
 Nor Man did, till he fell, as *Scriptures* show :
 And had our Grand-fire *Adam* nere known sin
 The Art of Weaving need not to have been :
 For he before he did Commit offence,
 As I have said, was Cloath'd with innocence ;
 But when through *Satans* wiles, he folly wrought,
 Sin brought forth shame, and shame a Covering
 And (wanting fitter,) they Figg leaves did take, (sought
 Of which by shames constraint they *Aprons* make.
 Thus as the Proverb sayes, Man's quickly run
 Out of Gods blessing into the warm Sun :
 For he that even now all knowledge knew,
 And to whom all perfection did accrew,
 In whom all Sapience and all Science rested,
 Is now through disobedience so devested
 Of all his former knowledge, that he had
 Not understanding left him how to clad
 His naked body : O most haples fate !
 O alteration great ! O wretched state !
 O great unhappy losse ! How could it be
 When he thought what he late was, and now see
 A change so strange, and that so sodainly,
 But that he should forthwith despair and dye ?
 Doubtles th' event had so been ; had not he
 Who his ne'er failes at need, most graciously
 Upheld him by his Mercy, and likewise

Pro-

Promis'd God should descend, that Man might rise :
 Nay more, when he in pitty did behold
 Mans naked body subject to the cold
 Of Winters blasttes, and heat of Summers Sun,
 Also how ignorant he was become :
 God made them Coats of Skins, in which aray
 They thought themselves (poor wretches) very gay.
 See here how he that late was Lord of all
 That had a being on this Earthy Ball,
 Is of a suddain now become so poor
 That he must thrust his servant out of dore,
 And force his goods his great need to supply,
 Or he himself must cold and naked lye ;
 The best Mans servant must be stript off's skin,
 That Man the Master might be wrap'd therein.
 This their first Cloathing was : but time that brings
 All things about, and from whose being springs
 Every invention, in time brought to pass
 The *Art of Weaving* : but when that time was
 It much uncertain is : report doth go
Minerva did Invent it ; but all know
 Who are but meanly read in History,
 That this report of her no truth can be :
 For Authors of best Credit do relate
Minerva's life was of no elder date
 Then in or somewhat after *Moses* dayes :
 And let me tell you what this *Moses* sayes
 Concerning *Weaving*, for 'tis onely he
 That must herein our chiefeft witness be :
 He being the first Historian that ere writ,
 And whose writing none can except 'gainst it :
 For he gives us to understand that when

The Tabernacle was erected, then
 The Curtains of fine twined Linnen were,
 And Blew, Purple, and Scarlet Silk was there ;
 All which must needs be Weavers work, or how
 It could Imbroydred be I do not know ;
 Also blew Riband to ty the Curtains were
 Appoynted, as the Text makes it appear.
 And to *Minerva* this could not belong,
 For shee was then not born or very yong
 Nay, if you backward look youl Weaving see,
 Above three hundred years elder to bee :
 For *Abrahams* Servant to *Rebekah* gave
 Rayments, which Rayments I would gladly crave
 Of any Man that can informe me whether
 It were not rather Weavers work, then leather ?
 And that *Esaus* goodly Rayment Certainly
 Was Cloath, or Silk, (not Leather,) none deny :
 But here's as sure a proof, as can be had,
 Against which no exceptions can be made,
 That before this, when *Lot* was prisoner led,
 And presently by *Abraham* rescued,
 He tould the King He would not one thred take
 Of all the spoyl: And what can any make
 This thred to be, but Silk, Cloath, or apparel
 That had been plundred in the former quarrel ?
 More backward yet, when *Noah* did plant the Vine,
 And became drunk by drinking of the Wine,
 And so (not being himself,) uncover'd lay
 When his two modest Sons did make no stay
 To take a Garment, and going backward do
 Cover his nakedness ; and who can show
 That this Garment was Leather ? Rather I

Suppose

Suppose it Cloath, and Weavings Antiquity
 A Thousand years more ancient then *Noahs Floud*,
 As probably it may be understood.
 Ile one degree therefore more run retrograde
 To enquire of what old *Jabal's* Tents were made?
 If any say of boughs; doubtles those they
 Had used before this time many a day;
 If others say of Leather, that I suppose
 (If Weaving were not) they wanted to make Cloathes.
 But why might not those Tents of Cloath be wrought,
 And Weaving ere that time into use brought?
 For the Worlds glass I ghes had then run out
 At least five hundred years, or thereabout:
 And might not the *Weaver* be as well then
 As the *Smith*, the *Mason*, and *Musitian*;
 And doubtles many other Trades, whose use
 That profit brings not which ours doth produce?
 And if (as sayth *Josephus*) *Astronomie*
 Invented was by *Seth*, unto which he
 Could not atain, but first he skill'd must bee
 In *Arithmetick*, and in *Geometrie*:
 So others might as their Genius inclin'd
 Employ their Studies other Arts to find;
 And none could be more fit, nor was more needed
 Then Weaving, if they their own welfare heeded.
 But I must leave it doubtfull, because none
 Can certainly affirm when it begun.
 Now Ile return again, and as I go
 As far as my reading doth reach will show,
 Who, and what they were that are said to be
 The first Inventers of our Miserie.
 Here I must take my Rise, and to you show

What *Lanquet* or *Cooper* would have us know
 Out of their *Chronicle*, for they do say
 Weaving invented was by *Naamah*,
 Sister to *Tubal-cain*, and so might be,
 For shee noting her Brethrens industry,
 That each of them a several Art devised,
 Might shee not (also) thereby be surpris'd
 With emulation of their far spred fame?
 And perhaps hoping so to have her Name
 Enroll'd among theirs, bent all her powers
 To bring to pass this worthy Art of ours?
 And that Her Brother *Jabals* Tents might be
 Of Cloath shee wrought, none knowes the contrarie
 But this may be a truth: for if we look
 Judiciously into the Sacred Book
 Among the Daughters born to Men before
 The universal flood the World run ore,
 You shall not read of any one but shee
 And *Lamech's* Wives, that nam'd are expressly;
 And for some special reason, (doubtles) shee
 Was mention'd above others, although we
 Know not the cause, nor I think ever hath
 Reavealed been, more then what that Text saith,
 But leaving her, as very probably
 To be th' Inventor of our Mistry:
 I doe intend here also to declare
 What others besides her recorded are
 To be the first Devisers of it, that
 What thereof written is, I may relate.
Polidorus in his History
De Inventione Rerum doth specific
 Three worthy Women, and of these three one

Minerva

Minerva is ; and he sayes shee alone
 Devised first to make Wool into Cloath,
 Which very likely is to be a troath :
 For I remember that I formerly
 Have read of *Bacchus*, who most Valiantly
 Did lead an Army into *India*, where
 He won much fame, as Histories declare:
 And that *Minerva* as Couragiously
 Being his Sister bore him Company ;
 And many Countreys and great Citties he
 Conquer'd, being alwayes Crown'd with Victory,
 Until he siedge did to one Citty lay
 From before which he soon was driven away
 By Lightning and Thunder, that did proceed
 From off those Walls, as we do plainly read :
 And what can any Man judge this to be
 But Thundring Cannon shott ? For certainly
 It then in use among them was, though we
 But late (yet much to soon) are come to be
 Acquainted with it, not being yet three hundred
 But they as many thousands, as appears ; (years,
 For so long tis since *Bacchus* and *Minerva* did
 Conquer *East-India*, as of them we read.
 So Printing hath in *Chyna* and those parts
 Been no Man knows how long : and other Arts
 As Weaving, and such as did them concern,
 And there *Minerva* might her knowledge learn ;
 Although 'tis very likely that they there
 (The Countrey being hot) all Silk did wear : 200
 But shee to *Greece* returning, where the Sun
 Being not so vehement, first begun
 To exercise her Silk in Wool ; and so

It

It may be true, what *Poliodore* doth shew :
 And this is a good reason to produce
 To us that Silk-weaving was first in use ;
 And those Garments of which we in Scripture read,
 Tis very like did all from Silk proceed.
 But let me mention *Bacchus* once agen,
 Who returning Victor back to Greece, did then
 From *India* bring *Vines* with him home, and so
 They *Wine* in *Europe* here first came to know :
 And for this great and good Commodity,
 They with a God-head did him dignify,
 Whose memory continueth to these times,
 We idly stiling *Bacchus* God of *Wines* ;
 Who hath more followers then the greatest Sect
 Of all these many that us so infect.
Minerva no less Honour (by our Trade,
 And other Arts shee taught) gain'd being made
 The Goddess of Arts and Armes : so I
 Shee being our *Matron* would shew her deitie :
 And this their Weaving and their Vines I ghes,
 They had from *Noah*, who did those parts possess
 After the flood, who there the Vine did plant,
 And being Drunk therewith did Covering want :
 And I suppose that Garment which was brought,
 Some kind of work was, by a Weaver wrought ;
 And Weaving be (as I did lately say)
 Invented by, or before *Naamah*.
 But I have long digrest ; now Ile proceed
 To shew more what from *Poliodore* I read.
 Linnen Cloath sayeth he, th' invention was
 Of one *Arachne*, being a *Liddian* Lass,
 But what shee was, or when liv'd, he doth not Name,
 But

But *Ovid* sayes free of mean Parents came.
 He further writes, that one *Pamphila* who
 The Daughter was of *Platis*, did first show,
 The way of Weaving Silk, whose dwelling Place
 As he relates, in th' Ile of *Coos* was :
 But in what Age shee liv'd he doth not show:
 Neither do I in my final reading know :
 But that must be long since, otherwise shee
 Could not th' Inventor of Silk-weaving be:
 Further he goeth on, and doth relate
 That Cloath of Gold and rich Roabs of estate
 Th' Invention was of *Attulus* : Nay he
 In one place sayes the *Babylonians* be
 Th' Inventors of our Art ; and in another
 Th' *Egyptians* : but how this can hang together
 Let others Censure, for some ingeniously
 Think, he hath herein dealt as faithfully
 As when our Eighth King *Henry* did employ
 Him, to compile one entire *History*,
 Containing the Occurrences of our Nation,
 Since People in it first had Habitation,
 Unto those times, that the deeds of our Ile,
 He into one sole Volumn might compile:
 And to that purpose our Chiefest Histories,
 Ancient Reccords, Books of Antiquities,
 Were to his Lodging, or his Study sent,
 (As I have said,) onely for that intent ;
 But he either envying our Iles fame should surpass,
 The *Italians* praise, where he a Native was,
 Or, for he was not able that to do,
 Which by the King he was appointed to,
 Or, through his negligence, they all were fired,

Without a rescue and suddainly expired.
 Which work hath since by learned *Cambden* been
 Effected, as to his lasting praise is seen :
 For his *Brittania* doth Proclame his worth,
 And Englands Fame and Monuments set forth.
 But for the other if the Abridgement be
 Tranlated from his large Book faithfully,
 He hath dealt as careles with our Mistry ;
 For three things do compleat a History :
 That's Persons, Time, and Place; two of which he
 Hath oft omitted here, but chiefly Time,
 Which next to Persons is, herein the prime:
 For if we knew the time when they did live,
 We might a more exact conjecture give
 Of their devising of it : but how ere,
 We read Women th' Inventors of it were ;
 And be it true, 'tis no disparagement,
 That worthy Women did it first Invent.
 For they in other things have famous been,
 As may in History be plainly seen.
 To instance in a few, *Semiramis*
 Who liv'd in *Abrahams* time, renowned is,
 Whose manly courage, and stout heart was such,
 That *Babels Empire*, she enlarged much :
 And *India* her high praise can testifie,
 Had shee not false to sensuality.
 So likewise *Tomaris*, a *Sythian Queen*,
 By her brave vallour, no less fame did win,
 Who in the Field, durst th' *Persian Monarch* meet,
 Warlike *Cyrus* , though his Armies were great,
 Him shee orecame, and in a Tub of blood,
 Did cast his Head, saying : if it be good

There

There drink thy fill, in blood thou didst delight,
 And much blood spilt : now blood shall thee requite :
 So th' *Amasonian Queen, Penthesitia*,
 Stout *Achilles* could not her dismay ;
 Though he ('tis said,) was seven Cubites high,
 His height nor strength, could not her terrifie ;
 Neither did on his manly power stand,
 But durst encounter with him, hand for hand ;
 Although, he *Hector*, and brave *Troilus* slew,
 Yet shee had hopes that shee might him subdue ;
 And though shee fail'd, What Man could more adven-
 Then in the Lists, with such a Champion enter ? (ter
 So in *Phylosophy, Hippacia*, was
 Learned so well, shee many did surpass ;
 For to her lasting praise 'tis write that shee,
 In th' open Schooles, oft read *Phylosophy*.
 So *Sapho* was an excellent *Poet* known
 As by those that have writ of her is shown :
 So an English Woman at *Rome* frequently,
 In mans apparel read Divinity ;
 Whose Learning, and whose Zeal was thought so great
 That shee thereby attain'd the *Papall* seat ;
 And by the name of *John the Eighth*, ('tis true)
 Was *Pope* of *Rome* until she fell in two.
 So *Mercia*, a Noble Lady who
 A King of *Britains* Wife was, long ago ;
 Here devis'd Laws, which long after her name,
 Were *Mercian* Lawes call'd to her greater fame :
 To omit others, *Queen Elizabeth*,
 Even from her Crowning to her latest breath,
 No Man could her excell, in each degree ;
 As tis known, to her famous memory.

So our Silk-weaving here in *London* was
 Wrought first by Women (may report take place ;)
 Who did not only work it, but also
 Kept Shops themselves, and sold it, many know :
 And to the World the same to signifie,
 They Linnen Cloath about their Shops poasts ty :
 Which in their memory is used still
 By many that such sorts of Ware do sell.
 And to maintain this Weavings Credit I
 Did take this task in hand, and that thereby,
 I might take off reproach that lyes on it
 Was the Chief cause these lines by me were writ :
 Whose true worth to uphold, and blaze his praise,
 I will endeavour to my last of dayes.
 Thus a few worthy Women I have shewn
 But many, many more are likewise known.
 Many severall wayes as excellent
 As Men, and full as able to invent
 Rare workes, would they their studies bend thereto ;
 As I for instance in a few here show.
 Then Weavers, think it no disgrace to you,
 That Women found your Trade out, Be it true.
 Thus to my skill, who our Art did devise,
 I truely to you do *Anatomize*.
 Now something in its praise I mean to show,
 That the true worth of Wearing all may know,
 And also stop their mouths who villifie
 Our usefull Science undeservedly.

The

The Second Canto.

*He divers Noble Persons here
Names that in Weaving frequent were.
Then he declares its usefulness;
And also sundry Trades express
That do depend upon it: and
What Multitudes of People stand
Engaged to it. Then, its praise
He amplifieth many wayes:
And further, to that purpose he
Shews the liberall Arts to be
Therein included; and likewise
Doth them with Weaving Sympathize.
And divers other matters cou'd
Are in this Canto; not here touch'd.*

Weaving Invented, as before is writ,
Though much uncertain who devised it;
Yet doth experience shew, 'tis of such use
That a more needfull Trade none could produce:
And in its infancy was found so rare,
That personages of worth, known frequent were,
To Spin and Weave: as *Hercules* for one
Whose like, (if true) no time hath ever known;
His Twelve great Labours makes the World admire
That he such difficulties could acquire;
Yet he laid by his Club, and Lyons skin,
And for a Ladies love fare down to Spin.
So likewise, *Sardanapalus*, although he,

Did sway th' *Assirian* first great *Monarchy*,
 Took much more pleasure with Women to Spin,
 And use the Weaving Trade, then he took in
 Such great Magnificence. *Attulus* likewise,
 Though King of *Asia minor*, did devise,
 First to Weave Gold and Silver with Silk, and
 So gain'd as much fame, as by his command.
 So famous *Queens* and Ladies frequent were
 To Spin and Weave, as Writers do declare:
 As *Omphate* and *Tyle*, who *Hercules* lov'd dear,
 Though famous for their beauty, did not forbear
 To use our Trade. And *Queen Penelope*
Ulysses chaste and constant Wife, yet shee
 Was more delighted with the Weaving Trade,
 Then in those many Woers that shee had.
 And so chaste *Lucrece*, wife to *Collatine*,
 A worthy *Roman Prince*, did not decline
 The Weaving Trade, for shee late in the night,
 Was with her maides found therein to delight;
 And though it after prov'd her overthrow,
 Yet shee renowned is, for being so.
 So great *Augustus Cæsars Queen*, though he
 Were the head of the Worlds fourth *Monarchy*,
 And shee his *Empress*, the greatest Woman in
Europe, *Asia*, and *Affrica*, yet was seen
 Oft to be frequent about Weaving, and
 Not on her husbands Stately titles stand.
 So *Char-le-main*, renowned King of *France*;
 Who the *Pope*, and his own worth did advance
 To be the Western Emperour; yet did
 His Daughter Weave, neither were they forbid
 By him for all his State, to use the same;

Nor

Nor did they in so doing impair their fame.
And doubtles many worthy Persons moe
That my smal reading, never came to know.
And it is out of question many of these
If 'twere not all of them, though *Histories*
Do not reveale the same, did rather choose
Both Gold and Silke, then courser stuf to use
In their thus exercising Weaving; as
We instance may in *Attulus*, who was
More noble numbred, and as was his state,
Most rich, more rich materials aimed at.
And so we may imagine of the rest.
But every one as to their mind seem'd best.
But my aim is, Silk-weaving to prefer;
And none can say concerning these, I err.
How-ere, they are a Glory to our Trade,
And grac'd it much, although it now be made
Contemptible by some; Antiquity
Were proud to use so rare a Miltary.
Nor was our worthy Famous Science then,
Better approv'd of, or esteemed with men,
Then it deserved: and all may confess
That to this day it doth deserve no less.
For ere it was invented, all Men know
The Begger Cloathed like the King must go;
For neither had wherewith Rayment to make,
Then what they from the backs of Beasts did take.
And is't not far more decent to behold
A Royal King araid in Cloath of Gold,
Of Tiffew, or of Silk garded with Lace,
Or rare Invention, as becomes his place,
Then see him Cover'd with a rough Bull hide,

Or

So our Silk-weaving here in London was
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We instance may in *Attulus*, who was
More noble numbred, and as was his state,
Most rich, more rich materials aimed at.
And so we may imagine of the rest,
But every one as to their mind seem'd best.
But my aim is, Silk-weaving to prefer;
And none can say concerning these, I err.
How-ere, they are a Glory to our Trade,
And grac'd it much, although it now be made
Contemptible by some; Antiquity
Were proud to use so rare a Miltary.
Nor was our worthy Famous Science then,
Better approv'd of, or esteem'd with men,
Then it deserved: and all may confess
That to this day it doth deserve no less.
For ere it was invented, all Men know
The Begger Cloathed like the King must go;
For neither had wherewith Rayment to make,
Then what they from the backs of Beasts did take.
And is't not far more decent to behold
A Royal King araid in Cloath of Gold,
Of Tiffew, or of Silk garded with Lace,
Or rare Invention, as becomes his place,
Then see him Cover'd with a rough Bull hide,

Or

Or Ravening Beares, or prancing Steeds, that died
Full of diseales? or a delicious Queen,
Clad in hard Leather, whose tenderness is seen
To shrink at the least wind, although she's Clad
In best and warmest Cloathing may be had?
Or when they sit at meat, to see their board,
To ly uncover'd, or at best afford
No better furniture then what is got
From skins of Beasts? mee-thinks it be seems them not.
Or when they go to rest, to see Men bring
A heap of hides, to be their Covering?
Or see a babe new born, to be wrap'd in
No softer swathing, then a hard rough skin,
Deserveth pitty? yet they had no more
Till Weaving furnish'd them with better store.
Yet now, for them, and others, as their degree
Requires, a fit supply of Cloath have we.
How many Trades, may likewise Bless the day,
When Weaving was devis'd? and yearly may
In memory of it, as we did Kings Coronations,
Keep one day Festival to all Generations?
And Weavers much respect, without whose aide
Their onely maintenance were quite decaide?
A Philosopher did write, that if the Sun
A moment should forbear his course to run,
The World would ruin'd be: so, were our Trade
A while left off, what ruines would be made
Among a world of Trades? As I shall shew
Before my work I further do pursue;
And 'twill be requisite, for by the same
They'l find their disrespect deserveth blame.
The Merchant that ore all the World doth Trade,

By

By whom our Nation is so famous made,
Weavers work is the chief Commoditie
That he transporteth hence, and therefore he
May much respect him, for if he were gone,
That gainful Trade of his, would be o'rethrown:
This is his lading as he's outward bound.
And is not *Linnen-Cloath*, brought hither, found
Likewise to be a great Commoditie,
Gainful, and needful, unto each degree?
So were Silk-stuffs, but we being skilful grown,
To make them here, that Trade's well-nigh o'rthrown.
And Flax and Tow that's brought in, were not we
To make it Cloath, of little use would be:
So Gotton-Wool, without the Weaver were
As needles, as most plainly doth appear:
Nay Silk, that great and rich Commoditie,
Without our help, would like these, useles be,
And almost fit for nothing: but being we
Imploy it to profit, by our industrie;
Whither would not the Merchant venture, for
To gain so gainful a Commodity, or
What dangers not adventure to run through,
What unknown Seas, with his Ships keel to plough;
What perilous Climates pass, and what strange Lands,
Where he no word of their speech understands;
Where peoples manners from his different are,
Where other Customs (than among us) appear;
Where other Stars shine, than with us give light,
Where other Gods, other Religions, quite
Contrary to ours be; other beginnings too,
Of time, and Men, than we acknowledg do
Take place; and more strange Rites they use?
Yet he to run these hazards doth not refuse,

To bring in a far-fetcht Commodity,
Which without Weaving, of no use would be;
But with our help, what numbers hereby do
Gain great Estates; as doth experience show!
The Merchant (as is said) hereby doth rise
Unto great wealth, and as great dignities.
The Mercer, not to him inferior is,
But he the Weaver may respect for this;
And both the Drapers may the Weaver love,
For by him, in so high a Sphere they move.
The Silk-man, that unto us silk doth sell,
Beholding to the Weaver is as well
As any of these, which he knows well enough,
Oh that he would not wrong us with bad stuff!
Th'other Silkman also, who doth buy
Ware of the Weaver, may ingeniously
Confess, that by our Trade his wealth doth rise,
Then, wherefore should he us so much despise?
Rather in Conscience, they might poor men give
A better price, that they might better live.
The Haberdasher too, with these may share,
Who might want wealth, if he wanted our ware;
And the Upholster lack his strong Bed-tike,
Rug, and Curtains, with other things such like.
Nor let the Printer ore the Weaver vapour,
For without Cloath, what would he do for paper?
The Stationer too would get but slender fees,
If men did write on bark, or leaves of Trees
As they have done: for if weaving were gone,
Could skins be spar'd to write or Print upon?
And many Handicrafts, as well as these,
But for the Weaver, were brought on their knees.

As the Cloathworker, who us disrespects,
For in his *Motto*, he, our Trade neglects;
Naming a Ram, a Lamb, a Sheep, and Wool,
From all which he'd but little profit cull, (gain'im,
For what would Ram, Lamb, Sheep and wooll all
Without the Weaver? his Trade doth sustain'im.
So the Gloath-drawer would want holes to stop,
If in the Weaver were not his whole hope.
So the Cloath-presser, and the Gallender,
Without the Weaver, quite dissolved were;
And might (if possible) a new Trade learn,
If any be, that ours doth not concern:
The Dyer likewise of Silk, of Stuff, or Cloath,
To want the Weaver, would be very loath,
For on him they rely; but the last two
I do not know, nor with them have to do:
But for the first, if I might speak my mind,
I'd say, he were not always honestly inclin'd;
For if Silk were uprightly dy'd, it would
When it doth come to using, better hold.
Nor could the Throster so many employ
Without the help of Weavings mystery:
For his gum'd ware would then lye on his hand,
And all his Mills and Wheels might idle stand.
So he that Gold and Silver Wyer draws,
And those that spin it upon Silk, have cause
To love the Weaver, for if he were not,
There would but small gain by their Trades be got.
You'd think the Taylor I did not respect,
If I here in my lines should him neglect:
He being so gentile, and one of fashion,
Who to our Trade hath very great relation;

We weave, and pick, and dye, and drefs, and trim,
Our Gloath, Stuff, Ribond, Lace, and all for him ;
He's put in trust therewith; without his help,
It were but like a formless young Bear-whelp,
That hath no shape, until the kind dam do
By painful labour, lick it thereinto ;
So is our Weaving, until he by Art,
With it shapes Garments, fit for every part
Of us, wherein I hope he hath the trick,
As she her whelp, so he'll his fingers lick ;
And as the greedy Bear too well is known
To be so cruel, that it will spare none
Her paw lights on, so will not he likewise
All that he can with safety, make his prize ?
What though he flaunt it out, and like a Knight
Wear brave Apparel ? all's not Gold that's bright ;
He may respect the Weaver for it, and
Not on his sturdy Stilts so stately stand ;
For he must fetch a number of hard stitches,
To flourish so with making Leather-Breeches.
Where would the Week-Merchant get Cloth to sell
To poor folks, to be weekly paid so well,
But by the Weaver ? six in *Centum* we
May take for Use *per Annum* ; but doth not he
Tye tie unto the six, and sixty make it,
Which if you like not (Sir) you may forsake it.
I likewise might some other Trades set down,
That do the Weaver need, as 'tis well known;
As the Whitster, Bandseller, Painter, and
Th'Imbroiderer, though these two last do stand
Upon their points, and in their boasting say,
Their Trades do surpass Weaving every way :

But

But put the case they do, which is not true,
 As presently I'll mak't appear to you ;
 Yet weaving is their Basis ; were it gone,
 What ground-work then had they to work upon ?
 But in their Trades there's nothing they can do,
 But we the like can present to your view.
 Dost thou desire the shape of any Beast ?
 That in our work, by us can be exprest :
 Or any Fowl, or any Fish to see ?
 These also, easily can produced be.
 Or any Tree, or Herb, or Flower ? likewise,
 We can present them all before your eyes :
 Do you desire a Tulip in your Hat ?
 The Weavers skill can furnish you with that.
 Or would you wear a Rose or *July*-flower ?
 To make you any lies in Weavings power ;
 Or whatsoever you would have brought to light,
 For 'tis the *Cornucopia* of delight.
 And can more be produc'd by theirs, than I
 Have writ, or might, if need, more amplifie ?
 Mistake me not, for I ascribe unto
 Our God all power, for he doth all things do ;
 Ours are but shadows, that resemblance bear
 Of substances, that he hath made appear.
 But if compared with these Trades, ours be,
 We do surpass them in a high degree ;
 For where theirs for the most part are for show,
 Ours is for service likewise, all do know ;
 And like to *Amalthea's Horn*, hath store
 Of all variety, no Trade hath more :
 And useful is to all : nay further yet,
 What several multitudes of people get

Their

Their livelihood by Weaving, or some Trade
 Depending thereupon; that were it decaid,
 I am perswaded half the world would be,
 Wanting imployment, brought to misery.
 So that all may, like as th' *Astronomer*,
 Before each Star doth *Jupiter* prefer,
 For magnitude; they also (in our praise,
 Above each Trade) the Weaver Crown with Bays:
 Or, as the *Tyrians* their God *Hercules*,
 (For fear they any time should him displease,
 And he depart) did with a Golden threed,
 To a pillar bind him, that so, at their need
 They might implore his aid; so may each one,
 With Cords of Love, our Trade; for were it gone,
 All the world its help would quickly want.
 Over the Weaver then, let no Trade vaunt.
 Yet further to its praise, I make it appear,
 The *Liberal Arts* in it included are;
 Or, as my skill doth serve, I will unfold,
 How it with them, doth nigh resemblance hold:
 That Weavings worth I may augment thereby,
 And its deserved praise more amplify.
 First for *Arithmetick*, (the numbring Art)
 We imitate (almost) in every part,
 We adde, subtract, divide, and multiply,
 Our Warp and Woolf, as we occasions see;
 And every sute we sute, *Progression* is
 From one to millions, goes on our degrees.
 The *Rule of Three*, of any Rule the best,
 By our Stuff, our Loom, and Workman is exprest;
 By these three known, and well employ'd in time,
 We do produce a golden sum of Coyn;

The

The Rule of *Loss* and *Gain*, we often use;
Sometime to *Barter* we do not refuse;
Proportion is the form our work doth bear;
Reduction is the order we keep there;
And other Rules we use, some more, some less,
As need requires, and I need not express.
Fractions, too often, in our work are us'd,
Most when the Dyer hath our Stuff abus'd.
To *Extract* a Root by us, you think 'tis much,
But you shall understand it is not such;
For there no figure is that we espy,
Though wrote most intricate, and cunningly,
But we can draw it forth, and in our frame
With much facility explain the same:
And as *Arithmetick* doth dayly grow
More perfect than the former times did know;
As *Logarithmes*, or *John Nepiers bones*,
And great *Algebra*, that not many owns;
And several other Instruments in use,
As time, by time, doth to the world produce:
So is our Trade more ample many ways,
Than unto men was known in former days.
Geometry is next, to which we do
In divers kinds agree, as I shall show:
The beginning of our work compar'd may be
To a point, the original of *Geometry*,
Our threds to lines, our work on either side,
To parallels which equally divide
Themselves at distance, and so forward run,
Ad infinitum, or till our work be done.
Our *Leeses*, *Perpendiculars*, you see,
Plattens, *Triangles*, or *Semi-circles* be;

Our

Our Roul a *Center* is, each turn we commence
Of work thereon, is a *Circumference*.
And as by this Arts Instruments we may
The length, breadth, height, of any thing survey,
(Except that All in all) and by its skill,
The true dimensions give; so 'tis known well,
That of all forms under the imperial Heaven,
The perfect Figure may in our work begiv'n.
And as the word *Geometry* imports
A measuring of the Earth, and that all sorts
Of Nations need the same; so is our Trade
To all the world by us, most useful made.
Next for *Astronomy*; our Trade alludes
To that, in every one of these similitudes:
Cloath-weaving, to the Sun compar'd may be,
Keeping one constant course continually;
Silk-Stuffs, unto the Moon, never the same,
But always change the Figure or the Name.
Plain Ribond represents the fixed Stars,
Regular in its course, no change, no jars;
All other silk works, (may be compar'd) whatever,
Unto the wandring Planets, who do never
Keep any rule, but sometimes move *direct*,
Then *Retrograde*, oft changing their Aspect:
So those Silk-weavers that imployed be
In such like works, we very seldom see
At any constant stay, but always changing
To this, to that, like Planets ever ranging,
From good, to better, or from bad to worse,
Sometimes to empty, sometimes fill the Purse.
And as those Heavenly Lamps, in their Aspects,
By sundry forms, produce sundry effects;

From

From a Conjunction that's benevolent,
Astrologers affirm much good is sent;
 So Malevolent Aspects they likewise say,
 Much evil doth unto Mankind convey:
 So when the times fall cross, and opposite,
 Bad Trading doth upon the Weaver light;
 But when Conjunctions that bring peace are sent,
 That to our Calling proves benevolent.
 But all this doth not always fall out true,
 No more than what they predict shall ensue;
 For sometimes we in trouble most enjoy,
 So when they threat most, we have least annoy.
 This for *Astronomy* enough shall be,
 To shew how Weaving doth with it agree.
 Now *Grammar* shews it self, without whose aid,
 Who rightly can unfold what's writ or said?
 Thou on four feet as four sure props dost stand,
 By whom to aid each Art, thou art a hand:
Orthography, and *Etymologie*;
Syntaxis also, and last *Profodie*:
 Thus are they nam'd: the first doth teach to spell
 Each word aright, and then you'd write it well:
 The second shews from whence they are deriv'd,
 So of the true sence, you'll not be depriv'd:
 The third to place them truly, gives you light;
 The last how to pronounce them all aright.
 In imitation whereof, we likewise,
 To spell, or frame our Figure first devise;
 And as our words, compos'd of letters are,
 Even so by threds, our figures do appear;
 Which if not rightly plac'd, is as much shame,
 As to write false *Orthography* is blame:

E

But

But when we thus far have proceeded true,
 We then produce our Figure to the view ;
 And that resembles *Etymologie*,
 As words, so works, from whence deriv'd they be.
 As from infinite grounds, words sence doth grow,
 So from infinite forms our Figures flow :
 To spell true, and know the words derivation,
 Is here declar'd; so we in imitation,
 Have form'd our work, and drawn our Figures trace.
 Our next is like *Syntaxis*, how to place,
 As that each word, so we each Cord aright ;
 They to place true, we, that ours so may light,
 Do pass each Cord with care, as *Scholars*, when
 They'd speak true *Latine*, or write with their pen,
 Left *Priscians* head therein by them be broken.
 Or our work false, both which, were a dunces token:
 And as by *Profodia*, they each accent weigh,
 So we with care, each Cord and Thred surweigh ;
 They that their Verse may sweetly found, and we
 That our work may in every part agree.
 And as he knows, who is in *Grammar* skill'd,
 Many subsequent *Rules* the Art doth yield ;
 As needful explanations of each ground,
 And tryals to declare their knowledg found ;
 Through which young Students with much labour
 As in a Maze, or intricate *Meander*, (wander
 Ere he attain to a proficiencie,
 Or perfect skill, in this Arts Myserie* ;
 Which some (though very studious) hardly do
 With all their painful Study reach unto :
 So in Silk-weaving we have sorts of work,
 Wherein there doth great difficulty lurk ;

That

That few attain to its profunditie,
 Though they be of a quick capacitie :
 But these days (more than ever) do present
Quotidian proofs of its accomplishment.
 See here, how *Grammar*, and the Weaving Trade,
 To agree in most particulars is made.
 Next I'll place *Logick*, wherein I will shew
 How we do correspond with it also:
 Ten general Heads, named *Predicaments*,
 The Rules of this Art unto us presents;
 Which ten be these: *Substance* the first must be,
Quantity second; the third *Qualitie*,
 The fourth *Relation*, *Action* the fifth, then
Passion the sixth, *Where* the seventh, the eighth *When*,
 The ninth is *Scituation* or the place,
 The tenth is *Habit*, or the outward face :
 These are the ten which I'll Anatomize,
 By shewing how we with them do sympathize.
 Thus for the first, our Ware's a *Substance* wrought,
 In *Quantity* 'tis large, or narrow brought ;
 In *Quality* 'tis useful, and hath *Relation*
 To all mankind ; *Active*'s the workmans fashion ;
Passive the Loom is, it being in use,
Where, that's the place that we think fit to choose ;
When, that's the time the workman works in it ;
Scituation the manner how it is made fit ;
Habit is the form that it doth bear.
 And thus I briefly have made it appear,
 That our Trade these includes ; the next must be,
 How it doth with a *Syllogism* agree.
 Those say that do well know the arguing Arts,
 A *Syllogism* consisteth of three parts ;

The *Major*, *Minor*, and *Conclusion* are
These three, which thus to you I will declare.
The *Proposition*, or the *Major*, must
The Matter be ; what he propounds in trust
Unto the *Minor*, or the *Servant*, he
Doth then *assume*, and by his industry,
Brings it unto a right end or *Conclusion* ;
Admitting of no *Fallacies* intrusion ;
Of which I'll speak a word, it being a thing
That ever with it doth some fallhood bring ;
And it is my desire, that we have none,
That either do, or have in that path gone :
And adulterate Ware, that's fair to the eye,
Praised for good, which is a fallacy.
Thus I, as well as my skill could devise,
The Art of *Reasoning* here, anatomize,
And ours Consort therewith, that all may see,
How full our Trade is of varietie.
Now *Rhetorick* claims its place among these seven,
Unto which, what *Encomions* may be given
To express its worth, and yield to it due praise,
Whose glorious lustre, bright resplendant rays,
Through every learned Author shines as clear
As at noon-tide *Apollo* in his Sphere,
When he through burning *Cancer* guides his Car,
And to our sight his Beams most glorious are :
Thy *Tropes* are flowers, as some Writers say,
And well may be so named, because they
So numerous are, and like varietie
With those, that do Dame *Tellus* beautifie : (mind,
These flowers choice pick'd and plac'd delight the
Ours doth the Body garnish, which to mankind

Is much more needful ; thine's an ornament
To Learning in particular, but th'extent
Of ours, doth reach to all ; thine to the Schools
A handmaid is, ours serveth wise and fools :
Thine needful is, but ours is much more so,
Yet who would not thee, rather than us forego ?
But pardon me dear *Rhetorick* this stile,
And I'll endeavour now, to reconcile
Thee and our Trade together, shewing how we
In most particulars do both agree.
Ther's not a Flower in thine Art, which I
Have not orelook'd, and weighed seriously ;
(Although I have here, through my want of skill,
Made use of few or none, with my dull quill :)
But if as one should in a Garden walk,
He doth not pluck a flower from every stalk ;
But picks one here, one there, as doth his eye
Direct him to, to please his fantasie :
So I, to shew how the Silk-weaving Trade,
To consort with the Art of *Rhetorick's* made,
Choose here and there one thence, as my
Mind serves ; and to avoid prolixity,
First for *Synecdoche*, or quick conceit,
On every workman that doth always wait,
For whatsoever Figure he espies,
By quick conceit, he'll it anatomize ;
Or by *Apostrophe* turn it about,
Producing thence another fashion out ;
As *Gnome* the director thinks it fit ;
Or *Synonymia* who hath store of wit.
Or otherwise, he will by *Metaphore*,
Change it into another form, that's more

Agreeing

Agreeing to his purpose ; or by *Allegory*
Enlarge it, to set forth its greater glory ;
Or by *Brachiloga*, he will contract it,
And into so small form thereby compact it ;
Though *Paradoxon*, or *Enigma* there,
A Wonder or a Riddle seem t'appear.
Such hidden mysteries, no scruple shall
To an ingenious workman be at all ;
Nay with *Dilemma*, though his Figure be
But on one side, on both he'll presently
Make it alike. Let none in any wise,
Imagine I herein *Hyperbolize*.
Then Envy may, and Ignorance forbear
To spend their *Ironie*, their flout or jeer ;
And with humble *Metanæa*, repent that
Their ignorance provok'd their tongue to prate
Beyond their knowledge ; for no *Eclipsis* here,
Or fault committed is, as may appear.
Sweet *Rhetorick*, I might go on, and more
Flowers pluck from thine inexhausted store ;
And like a *Gordian-knot*, wove curiously,
Them, to augment Silk-weavings praise, here tye :
But *Paronymia*, or the Proverb says,
Enough is as good as feasting ; therefore to raise
More similitudes, I thought it not fit,
Or, to my skill, I'd have endeavour'd it.
All hail sweet *Musick*, thou bringst up these reres,
Delightful sounds, like *Harmony* of the Spheres.
How shall I frame a fit propinquitie,
Whereby with thee to gain affinitie ?
Thy *Gamuth* is the first step to thy *Science*,
To which our pricking patterns have alliance.

No one in thee, can a proficient prove,
That therein is not skill'd ; nor can we move
One degree forward, toward perfection,
If this be not our ground to build upon.
Nor a *Musitian* can his *melody*
Make pleasing to himself, or standers by,
Unless a *Concord* in his strings be found ;
Nor can our workmen any work make sound,
Whose tools and tackling remain out of frame,
But when by skill, both rectifie the same :
Then thou and we, a *Diapason* strike ;
Thy *Musick's* sweet, our Wares our Chapmen like ;
And all thy Figures we do imitate,
Thy *Large, Long, Brief, Semi-Brief, Sharp, and Flat* ;
All which I could demonstrate here, if so
My *Time* would time permit me it to do ;
But I'll forbear, and briefly shew how we
Do correspond with them in *Melody*.
Thy pleasing sounds proceed from *Instruments* ;
Ours an *Harmonious* voice, whose rare accents
Have often forc'd sweet *Philomel* forbear
Her sugred notes, our sweeter tunes to hear ;
Nay great *Apollo*, the *Musicians* God,
What time he here on earth made his abroad,
Was so delighted, with the curious strains
Of well-tun'd ditties, pen'd by pregnant brains ,
That had he not engaged been to keep
The numerous flocks of King *Admetus* Sheep,
Then, when rude *Pan*, with his *Pipes* rustick play,
Durst to contend with his *Harps* lofty Lay ;
The Weavers Songs, with ravishing *Melody*,
Did so delight the God of *Harmony*,

That

That with them he would here have *sympathiz'd*,
And such rare *Songs* to their sweet notes devis'd ;
That like to *Orpheus*, their enchanting Ditties
Should tame wild Beasts, & build up Towns & Cities.
For this he did acknowledge, to their praise,
They did for *Song*, from all Trades bear the Bayes.
Thus 'twixt *Apollo*, and *Minerva*, I
Though in rude sort, have wrought affinity ;
But wanting her Invention, and his Wit,
My weak skill hath not fashion'd it so fit,
As better Artists might, that better know,
For my Pen here, my Ignorance doth show.
Here I have shew'd you how our *Mysterie*,
With the *Seven Liberal Arts*, doth nigh agree.
And now I'll shew, that ours more useful is
Than all of them ; but pardon me in this :
For let none think, 'tis in the least my thought,
That those rare *Arts* should in contempt be brought,
Of which the World hath so much use, and I
As dearly love, as my own liberty ,
Or what is dearer to me ; but to show
Our Trades true worth, and likewise let such know
Their ignorance, who do it so despise,
Though of its usefulness, before their eyes,
Nay on themselves, they every day partake,
Without regard thereof: but as the Snake,
Did (being nigh frozen dead) the man intreat
To put him in a place where he some heat
Might re-assume, to save his nigh lost life,
Which being attain'd , he doth repay with strife,
And foul ingratitude his love : even so,
Those Peacocks now in their great bravery know

No

No want of Cloathing, (Nor of the supply
Silk-weaving yields, the same to beautifie;
If not all Silk,) therefore us they scorn:
But should they go a while, as they were born,
Naked, or Cloath'd in Leather, then they would
Respect our Trade, and wish it ever should
Flourish in fame, and reputation till
Time the last minute of its course fulfill.
But to my purpose: first for the numbring Art,
What man is there that would not gladly part
With it, and promise ne'er to use it more,
Rather than be debar'd of that rich store,
And Comfort, that our Trade doth yield? and so
Geometry, who would not it forego,
Before he'd loose the part he doth possess
In our rich *Trades* most happy usefulness?
Astronomy too, as useless is, compar'd
To our Arts worth, as any thereof debar'd
Would soon acknowledg; and *Musick* not at all
May with us into Competition fall:
For the other three, there need no more be sed,
But us our Mother-Tongue would bring to bed:
And I suppose, it a much lesser harm were
To want them all, than Cloaths to keep us warm there.
I do not mean, the plain part of each Art,
Which I to Leather-Garments may consort,
But the abstruse part of each one might be
Much better spar'd than our rich Mystery:
But to have both is best; for neither we
Could want without great loss; and blest be he,
By whose Assistance we do both possess,
And dayly partake of their usefulness.

F

But

But now a word or two, to shew the cause
That such contempt upon Silk-weaving draws:
Then I herein have now no more to say;
But wish our Trade in good fame flourish may.

The end of the second *Canto*.

The

The third CANTO.

*Here its worth repeating, he
Shewes what the chifest causes be
Of its disparagement, and doth shew
From what weak grounds the same doth flow;
To redress which, useth declamations,
With invective debortations;
Then he extolleth such by whom
It Credit gaineth; and doth come
To shew what worth not long ago
It had in London, and also
Doth now retain by means of some,
Who are Silk-weavers: and so from
One circumstance to another he
Proceeds, till his task ended be.*

IF Weaving be of such Antiquity,
So useful; nay, of such necessity,
That all the world in general doth it need,
And also standeth other Trades instead:
And that Personages great and eminent,
Did with delight and pleasure it frequent;
What is the cause 'tis now despised so,
Or by what means into such contempt grow?
Being of most Trades, the *Primum mobile*,
Or the first mover, Pole, or Axel-tree;

By which they are, and principally move,
As the inferior *Orbs*, by that above ;
Or as Learn'd *Record* terms his *Arithmetick*
The ground of Arts, so we, (justly) the like
May stile our Trade the ground of Trades : or it
May (truely) be compared very fit
To the foundation of a house, for who
Is he, that doth not by experience know,
That without it, the Building soon would fall ?
So likewise many Trades, yea, almost all,
Were brought to ruine, having no remedy,
But by the help of our rare Mystery.
Four Causes here, I'll principally name,
That chiefly are the reasons of the same.
The first, some shop-keepers, that buy our Ware,
Who, when bad Trading is, so cruel are,
So griping, and unconscionable, that
When poor men come to sell, will bid a rate
Of so small profit, knowing they perforce
Must any money take, or do things worse ;
Thus by the low rate they in hard times give
Poor Weavers, they constrained are to live
Meanly, and sometimes ready to want Bread,
While the other are both richly cloath'd and fed ,
And in their Shops, (like Lords) most stately are,
With the profit they get by the Weavers Ware ;
And the poor Weaver, by his cruelty,
Forc'd to spin out his Life in poverty ;
Which brings a scandal on our Trade, while he
That is the cause, doth flourish gallantly.
Of some this is the Custome; but there be
Others among them, deal more Christianly,

By

By giving unto those, of whom they buy,
A price that will maintain them decently :
Let a blessing be upon such men, nay they
Will blessings find, now or another day;
But th'other their fear'd hearts are grown so hard,
That they nor Curse nor Blessing do regard,
For Griping gain, the god is they adore :
But by this means poor Weavers are kept poor ;
For they having no way to raise a stock,
And th'other no Conscience, hold them in this lock.
But there's other Silk-Weavers, who live brave,
And make those men pay well for what they have :
I wish the rest like these, could hold them to it,
And no way like good husbandry will do it. •
Three other sorts of men, I likewise here,
Will, though unwillingly, to you declare ;
Who, if my judgment do me not deceive,
Our Trade of much fame and repute bereave :
Of which three, one is the hard-hearted man,
Who hath no mercy, neither pity can
Enter his brest, nor knows he Christianity,
Nor is it'h'least acquainted with Humanitie;
But poor Children abuse, and do not beat
Only their backs, but bellies, by want of meat ;
Which makes them heartless that service to do,
Which they by him are dayly set unto :
Neither can he, without the same subsist,
If it be not by their hard labour encreas'd,
Which they not able at all times to do,
His furious hot displeasure run into,
And some his storming rigour to prevent,
Too oft aside step, to scape punishment ;

And

And many too many Dames, rather than they
 Will seek a means his chollar to allay,
 The more will aggravate his fury, though
 It sometime proves to be their overthrow;
 Rather if Boys want wit, have thou a care,
 That want of patience fall not to thy share;
 Allure him by good Counsel, and fair words,
 Both which are known, to be more powerful cords,
 And sooner will him draw t' amendment, than
 The strictest course of the most cruel men:
 But if that fair means will not win him to
 That which is fitting, known for him to do;
 Then use the rod, or wand, but careful be
 Mercy to mix with thy severity:
 If thou too strict art, and he run away,
 Whither to seek him wilt thou take thy way?
 And he then wanting, his wants to supply,
 At best must beg, and in the streets oft lye.
 Whereby our Trade hath been much scandaliz'd,
 For want of both being better advis'd:
 Was not a Master and a Dame lately
 In danger of life, for their great cruelty?
 Let them a warning be to others, that they
 By such doings work not their own decay;
 But pitty 'tis the Trade in general.
 Should censur'd be by ones unhappy fall.
 The other two, as shall to you be shewn,
 Are known the Drunkard and the idle droan;
 The Drunkard doth such unsit carriage show,
 That we do now into a by-word grow;
 For if a man do any Drunkard meet,
 As daily there's too many in the street,

There

There goes a drunken Weaver he doth cry ;
Thus our Trades brought to infamy thereby.
But though the Trade thereby doth bear much blame,
Himself is also scourged for the same ;
Witness his poverty, and poor array,
Witness his health and strength both which decay ;
Witness his disrespect with honest men,
Witness his antick, frantick carriage, when
Drink hath him overcome, that he thereby
Is jeer'd and scorn'd by the raskality ;
And is unfit for labour made, whereby
He draws on him and his great poverty.
Philip the King of Macedonia, when
He against the *Persians* march'd with an host of men,
Hearing they were inclin'd t'intemperancy,
He did forbear the war, saying, shortly
They would orethrow themselves: so, even so
The Drunkard seeketh his own overthrow,
And the overthrow of his whole family ;
And also on our Trade draws infamy.
You young men Weavers, that do yet stand free
From being acquainted with *Ebriety*
If you a master have, or if there are
Journey-men thus inclin'd, let it be far,
Ever far from you, to follow their example,
To take delight therein, no rather trample
Under your feet the thought of that which doth
Both spoil the wit and memory of youth,
Wrongs their invention also, and doth make
Them much incapable to undertake
What might them profit, and preferment bring,
For drunkenness behind it leaves a sting

That

That doth the reputation wound of all,
 Both old and young that in love with it fall;
 And if a young mans Credit be once stain'd,
 Much labour it will ask, ere 'tis regain'd.
 Drink hath these three effects, as one doth say,
 And we find it to prove true, day by day.
Pleasure, Drunkenness, and Sorrow be
 Beyond exception taken for the three.
 The first is (*Pleasure*, that is) when 'tis taken
 Moderately, but when that path's forsaken,
 And we do swallow it down in excess,
 That bringeth forth the second, (*Drunkenness*).
 And if the Drunkard do live till the morrow,
 He'll find the third effect, (which will be *Sorrow*)
 Unless he be past hope, and wholly incline
 Himself thereto, making himself a Swine:
 Another says it is a Monster that
 Hath many heads, and who startles not at
 So strange an Object? which heads are, saith he,
 Foul Talk, and Actions that much fouler be;
 With Railing, Swearing, Cursing, Quarrelling, and
 Wrath, Murder, which will then be all at hand.
 Oh such a Monster shun, whose poison foul
 Will overthrow both thy Body and Soul.
 And no less hateful is base *Idleness*,
 As every man that's virtuous, will confess;
 For it, like *Drunkenness*, doth draw on need,
 And many evils more from it proceed:
 The idle man's unskill'd in any Art;
 The Idle Man in *Virtue* hath no part;
 The idle man th' industrious displeases;
 The idle man heaps on himself Diseases;

The idle man is unto no man friend ;
No not to himself , who time doth idly spend :
For diligence attains to that , which he
Shall never do, for lack of industry.
The doing man hath plenty still in store,
But idle negligence is always poor ;
Labour gains Love, Credit and Reputation ;
Negligence contempt and detestation.
Be thou a Master, Servant, or who-ere
These lines of mine doth either read or hear,
Regard not who did write them, rather learn,
Between the good and evil to discern :
Fly drunkenness and sloath, both which all know
(That do know any thing) lead unto woe ;
Strive to be temperate and industrious, so
You shall not onely your wants overthrow,
But bring your selves in credit ; and our Trade,
Which by such misdemeanours hath been made
Contemptible, shall reputation gain,
And hell-bred envies Calumny restrain :
But I hope men of judgment are more wise,
Than to give ear unto such Calumnies :
For, as we say, One swallow doth not make
A Summer, so, I hope no man will take
Advantage from a few despised men,
The Trade in general to disparage, when
There is not any Handycraft I know
In *London*, out of which there dayly grow
Men of more wealth, or known abilities ;
Or few or none to higher places rise
Than Weavers have and do : should I omit
To speak of some time past, which is not yet

Five hundred years, for then it is well known,
As truth by true relation hath it shown,
The Weavers did in *London* bear great sway,
Wherein they continued many a day :
For those that have read ancient Records know,
No Company in *London* can out-go
The Weavers by Antiquity ; for we
The first Society in *London* be,
That is confirm'd by Charter, it being known.
About five hundred years of age, and none,
Not any Company so ancient is,
Nor any Charter granted before this ;
Which though it be no broader, nor in length
Exceeds a hand, it is known of that strength,
Being but about ten lines, that there's not many
Charters in this City, if there be any
Puts down our Charter for validity,
As many learned Clerks can testify.
And I once heard Recorder *Littleton*
Confess no less, when it he look'd upon,
Who was much taken when he did it see,
And reverence shew'd it for antiquity :
And being 'tis truth, that we are known to be
The first incorporated Company,
That then in *London* was, Weavers might well
As they then stood, all other Trades excel ;
And *Candle-wick-Street*, which is yet so nam'd
For Weavers Looms there standing, is still fam'd.
I further might have boasted, telling you how
Our Master swaid here, as the *Lord Mayor* now,
And after 'twas a Mayoralty, they did ride
In *Purple-Gowns* oft by the Mayors side,

But

But that I was not certain it was true,
And nothing on bare hearſay would I ſhew ;
But ſame hath ever told us it was ſo,
And from no cauſe no ſuch report could flow.
I wiſh this City Peace, Plenty, Health ; may honour
Be dayly more and more conferr'd upon her ;
Let her Societies flouriſh, let there be
Union within her Walls perpetually ;
Let every ſeveral Corporation know
Its place and dignity, though ours below
Some others at this preſent doth appear,
This I have writ, to ſhew what once we were ;
Not to detract from others, for ſome be
Honourable by their Titles, ſo are we
Expreſſed in our Charter, which hath been
Confirm'd by Parliament, as may be ſeen :
But the Proverb ſays, and all allow the ſame,
Tell me not what I was, but what I am.
What we have been my lines in part declare,
Nor need I ſhame to write what now we are ;
For here is living at this preſent day,
A worthy Alderman late Lord Mayor, and may
I write without offence, although he be
Free of an Honourable Company,
I hope he will not blame me, nor deny
That he hath uſ'd Silk-weaving formerly ;
And alſo more, his honour to augment,
Hath been a Member of our Parliament.
But of our own Members, of late had we
Two worthy Gentlemen, both ſeen to be
Aldermen of this City ; alſo I
Have known them Maſters of our Company,

Being Silk-weavers, and likewise we have
Common Council-men, who with other grave
And ancient Citizens, are known to be
Governors of *Bride-well*; besides have we
Some chosen to be of the *Corporation*,
Where poor mens children have good Education.
Also in Naval conduct now have we
Many brave Weavers, who Commanders be,
Who for this Kingdom have good service done,
And honour, fame, and Wealth gain'd; also run
Through many difficulties, and been made
Governors of strongholds, who by their Trade
Are all Silk-weavers: thus by what's writ you see
I'th' City and the Navy both have we
Weavers of note and worth, and many more,
Which would too long for me be to run ore;
Who naturally are otherwise inclin'd,
And unto several studies bend their mind.
Many proficients in Divinity,
And many studious in Philosophy:
Some very curious the Natures to know
Of natural things; one of which hath to show
As many sorts of most strange rarities,
As I think ever one man saw with eyes:
Others in Physick, and Astrology,
Very well seen are, one especially,
Who I cannot pass over, nor omit
To write *Encomions* of him that are fit.
I formerly have read of an old Oak,
Among the Poets, that in old time spoke,
And gave forth doubtful Answers, and also
Of *Delphos* Oracle, that long ago

Answer'd

Answer'd demands, with words of double sence ;
But here is plain and true intelligence :
Many to resolve doubts oft to him come,
Returning with great satisfaction home,
For his knowledg in Physick, and herein
Hath with successful proof approved been ;
And from *Black-Fryers* both Town and country can
Testifie, he is a well deserving man.
It would be here too much , too long, to me,
Several men to name particularly,
For their known worth ; only I will show,
That we have also many Silk-weavers who,
In their respective dwellings, live as brave,
And as good fame and reputation have,
As any Trade about them, none disprais'd,
And are as frequent in their Parishes rais'd,
All Offices to bear, as others be ;
And not a few, but many such have we ;
And may their number still increase, that so,
Weaving to be respected more might grow :
But as the purest *Lawn* may stained be,
And the sweet *Rose* hath pricking thorns we see,
Or as among good *Wheat* some *Darnel* grows ;
So we among these Gentlemen have those,
Who nor their own, nor the Trades fame regard,
But shame, disgrace and poverty is their reward :
Which I do name with grief ; but for the rest,
Be they with *Heaven* and *Earthly* blessings blest ;
For by their means, the Credit of our Trade
Upheld is much, which but for such were made
Contemptible with some, although its worth
No pen is able fully to set forth ;

Much

Much less hath mine here, who the unfittest am
 Of (many) any to declare the same.
 But I have long desir'd to do what here
 You see is done; if well or mean, how-ere,
 I hope my friends with good acceptance will,
 Value my meaning, wave my want of skill :
 For my intent was Silk-weaving to raise
 One step out of disgrace, where many days
 It hath lyen struggling, as wanting a hand,
 To lift it on its former legs to stand ;
 This on its knees may set it, an abler pen
 May if well order'd place it upright agen :
 Which being done, its glory than shall last,
 Until the last *Trump* soundeth its last blast ;
 For what ever doth perish, Weaving will
 Continue until *Time* his *Time* fulfil ;
 And Snow-Ball like, the further it doth pass,
 Gather fair fame to blot out foul disgrace.
Nil ultra now I'll set unto my pen,
 And crave for favour of those Gentlemen,
 Those well deserving Weavers, who time hath made
 To be the praise and glory of our Trade ;
 Hoping that they will no exceptions take
 For what's here done, being partly for their sake,
 And partly to admonish those that run
 Out-of the way, I did what here is done ;
 And also to take off that scandalous blot,
 Which the Trade if considered deserves not :
 And if I gain their loving favour, I
 Have the chief end that I desire hereby.
 Let *Momus* then jeer on, and flout his fill,
 Let the defaming Critick censure still,

Let

Let traducing *Zoilus* my lines reprehend ;
Let them all their whole stock of malice spend,
And from their tongues their envious poyson spit,
My harmless lines will gain more fame by it :
For Innocence the more it is deprest,
Will like the *Palm*, gain a more flourishing Crest.
And so relying on my friends good will,
I remain their obliged servant still ;
And shall be ever willing them to serve,
If so my weakness may their loves deserve.

FINIS.